

HOW MURDERERS AND REFORMERS SAVED STIELOW

Movement Begun in Death House Agitated State

WHO saved Stielow?
The Tribune here presents the story of Stielow written by a member of its staff whose connection with the case dates back to the beginning of the movement to save the life of a man now pardoned on the ground of absolute innocence and leaves it to the reader to decide whether the credit belongs to:

The convict now dead who inspired Spencer Miller, jr., to bring Stuart M. Kohn into the case or

Val O'Farrell, whose men gathered the information submitted to the court by Mr. Kohn in the new trial proceedings to show the means by which Stielow's so-called alleged confession was had or confession was obtained by Detective George W. Newton and others, or

Thomas O'Grady, the Buffalo detective, who found the pocketbook of the murdered man and traced it back to Ervin King, or

Mrs. Grace M. Humiston, who obtained King's first confession that he and his pal and not Stielow killed Charles F. Phelps and his housekeeper, or

George H. Bond, the Governor's investigator, who reported Stielow innocent, or

Justice Charles L. Guy, who in the midnight hours stopped Stielow's execution when he had but a few minutes left to live, or

The late Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain, James W. Osborne, Huntington W. Merchant and David A. White, lawyers in the case, or

Misha Appelbaum and Sophie Irene Loeb, who, with many others, contributed time and money to the case, or

Governor Charles S. Whitman, who after repeatedly refusing relief, first commuted Stielow's sentence, though he believed him guilty, and now has pardoned him as innocent.

By John J. Leary, Jr.

"BOSS, I know there isn't a chance in the world of me heating the chair, but they shouldn't let crown that Dutchman. He didn't kill those folks they say he did any more than you did."

Joseph Hanel, the speaker, an inmate of the death house in Sing Sing prison, in April, 1915, thus initiated the movement to save the life of a fellow inmate. This movement last week culminated in the full pardon of Charles F. Stielow, who five times was sentenced to death, was several times within a few hours of execution, and who on one occasion with head shaved and trousers slit to permit the application of the death carrying electrodes, and with but twenty minutes left to live, was almost literally snatched from the chair.

Until Hanel, long since executed for the murder of his employer, Mrs. Julia Heilner, of Brooklyn, addressed this remark to Spencer Miller, jr., then deputy warden of the prison, there was nothing about the Stielow case to distinguish it from many that from time to time end in the death chamber. He was a farmhand, poor and stolid—of the type Markham had in mind when he spoke of the "dull, patient brother of the ox." He had been accused of the murder of Charles B. Phelps, an aged farmer, of West Shelby, on March 21, 1915, convicted in the cold routine way of a country court, his conviction had been affirmed by the Court of Appeals and nothing was ahead of him but the trip through the door known to fame as green, but which really is red.

Handicapped By Low Mentality

The defence was handicapped by the low mentality of Stielow—a handicap afterward proved to be greater than the lack of cash. Stielow, he found, could be made to agree to almost anything, but was of no real assistance in helping make a defence. He could only insist that he never committed the crime and that his brother-in-law, Nelson Green, indicted with him, was equally innocent.

This claim of innocence the state combated mainly with the testimony of George W. Newton, a private detective of Buffalo. Newton swore that Stielow had confessed to him that he committed the murder. Justice Pound, who presided, laid great stress on this confession, without which, he told the jury, he would have felt compelled to have ordered a verdict of not guilty. The confession, however, they were to consider with some evidence that apparently corroborated it, mainly a bullet taken from the body of the dead man and identified by an expert as having been fired from a small pistol it was established Stielow owned. There could be but one result, a verdict of guilty, and the usual motion for a new trial being denied, Stielow was taken to Sing Sing.

Still in the usual way, Stielow's case went to the Court of Appeals for review. So far as the record showed the case was without error. Apparently there was a sufficient quantity of proof, the conduct of Justice Pound was without flaw, there was nothing wrong in his charge to the jury. And in the usual way Stielow, still protesting his innocence, was told that he must be ready to die on April 14, 1916.

Hanel's appeal to Miller was the first time anything was done in other than the usual way. It followed unusual action when the men in the death house, who, with a keener understanding of the psychology of their associate than any of the officials who had come into contact with him had displayed, sensed that he was innocent and elected Hanel to make known their decision to the men higher up. Usually men in the death house find their own troubles too absorbing to permit those of others to intrude upon them.

Declared He Could Not Lie

With Stielow, however, it had been different. He was unlike others they had met. He had nothing to say unless spoken to, no protests of innocence, no protest that he had been "framed"—just a dumb person who spoke when he was spoken to, and if he talked at all about his case insisted that he could not be executed because he did not kill anybody.

"If I did," he used to say, "I would say so. It is not right to lie."

To gangsters, some of them men like Orestes Shillatoni, "the paper box kid," who before he was executed killed a guard in the death house, a man who apparently was sincere in classing a lie as more serious than admitting murder, was, to say the least, queer. And because he was queer they cultivated him in the brief periods they were allowed in the little death house yard. They could not, however, make much of him, for, except in his native German, he would not talk much.

It therefore fell to Hanel to become his particular friend. The two spent most of their exercise time talking of Stielow's case until Hanel, convinced that the man was telling the truth when he protested his innocence, put the matter up to Shillatoni, Frank Ferer, whose sentence has since been commuted; Tommy Bambrick, whom the most desperate efforts of humanitarians failed to save, and William Watson, a Brooklyn murderer, who paid the full penalty of the law.

Miller in the mean time had almost concluded that Stielow was legally incompetent to commit a crime. Hanel's declaration was therefore of more than usual interest.

"What makes you say that, Joe?" he asked.

"Because I know it," he replied. "Everybody here knows it. You know, Mr. Miller, you can't fool the men in here very much. They are pretty wise guys in some things. They know this fellow is in wrong. And I know it. I've talked and talked and talked with him about his case, and I'm sure he's innocent. He's nothing but a big Dutch boob that don't know any more than a kid. We've talked in German a hundred times and I can't catch him on a thing."

"You ought to get busy and try and save him."

Stories Seemed Convincing

Subsequently Shillatoni added his plea to that of Hanel, Bambrick, Ferer, Watson and others. Singly they were impressive. As a whole they were convincing. And as a means of saving him Miller came to New York and looked up Stuart M. Kohn, a lawyer in the Maiden Lane building.

Kohn is not one of those lawyers who specialize in criminal law. On the contrary, his is mainly a commercial practice, but he was interested in prison work, had told Miller to call on him if he could help some worthy fellow.

He had become identified



Above—Ervin King.
Below—Mrs. Grace F. Humiston.

low without means or friends, and when Miller presented the case dropped everything to enter it. Just what it cost him to take the case no one, not even himself, will ever know, for it kept him busy for months, to the neglect of his paying clients, and drafts on his private funds in excess of \$5,000 do not begin to show his real contribution.

The first move was an appeal to Governor Whitman for a commutation. This the Governor declined, on the ground that the record seemed clear, that the testimony seemed most convincing, and there was no reason why he should intervene to save a man who so clearly appeared to be guilty of the murder of two old people.

Then a motion for a new trial was made before Justice Wheeler, in Buffalo, Governor Whitman granting the first of several thirty-day reprieves in order that this might be argued. Justice Wheeler denied the motion on the ground that the evidence in support thereof was not convincing, and Stielow seemed nearer the chair than before.

It was then decided that the one hope of the man lay in a mysterious pedler who had been seen near the Phelps home shortly before the crime. To this task Mrs. Grace M. Humiston, who had made a record in the South as an investigator in peacetime cases and more recently solved the Cruger mystery, was assigned to go upstate. She almost immediately reported that she was being interfered with by Newton, the detective.

Val O'Farrell came into the case at this point. He had become identified

with the Osborne school of prison reformers through his work in breaking down the conspiracy against the former warden of Sing Sing. He was asked to send a man upstate to work with Mrs. Humiston. Not much progress was made in this way, and it was decided that the best thing to do was to bring Newton to New York.

To bring Newton to New York it was necessary to invent an excuse. O'Farrell invented the tale of a wealthy woman client whose fiancé was being pursued by blackmailers, Mrs. Humiston posing as Miss Winterton, the woman of wealth, and two of O'Farrell's men as the alleged blackmailers. It was Newton's job to trail these two and trap them, while two more O'Farrell men trailed him.

In short order it became apparent from the reports of Newton and O'Farrell's men that somebody was lying. Newton's reports had the alleged blackmailers at Coney Island when they reported that they had not moved out of their hotel and in Chinatown when they said they were in conferences uptown. This continued for awhile, and then it was decided, in detective parlance, to "rope" Newton.

"Roping," it might here be explained, consists of getting into the confidence of a person and allowing him to tie himself up by talking.

How Newton Was "Roped"

To do this a dictaphone was installed in Kohn's inner office and Newton was invited to call and see Miss Winterton's counsel.

As told by Kohn and as part of the record in the case the conversation began by Kohn's asking why, with all of the detectives in New York, Miss Winterton had gone to Buffalo to retain Newton. Newton's answer was his record for good work.

"Good work?" said Kohn. "What did you ever do?"

This, as the record shows, was the cue for Newton to tell a story that beat anything Nick Carter ever wrote. He had done everything in the detective

line from catching burglars to breaking up smuggling plots. "Ever catch a murderer?" asked Kohn.

"Sure," replied Newton. "Why, there's two men in the death house in Sing Sing now waiting execution next week."

"That's interesting," said Kohn; "tell me about it."

"Why, haven't you heard? The country is full of it. Out in the country this wealthy farmer was murdered and his housekeeper also was shot. William J. Burns was on the case and the Pinkertons, O'Grady and some people from Brooklyn. It was a most awful case. The Pinkertons and Burns both fell down on it. The District Attorney then called me in."

"I found that this man Stielow had a quarrel with Phelps a few days before, in which Stielow tried to borrow money from him. There was a motive right there. I at once made up my mind that this was the man who murdered Phelps, and I worked night and day to get him. I worked on the case for three weeks to a day. I worked on Stielow, told him that if he would help us I would make him a detective and put him on my payroll, where he could make more money than he could farming. In this way I got into his good graces."

"One day I saw a yellow wagon going down the road. I told the chauffeur to dash at high speed up to Stielow's house, and when our automobile stopped I rushed in and said, 'Charlie, did you see a yellow wagon go by here some time ago?' He said, 'Yes,' and pointed down the road in the direction the wagon was going. I said, 'Fine, Charlie; I want that man.'

"The next day I went up and saw Charlie again, and I said, 'Charlie, I got that man yesterday. He is the man I wanted, and I got him all excited. I wanted to get him all excited and worked up, letting him think that we had the real murderer. I told him a lot of things, made a lot of motions, got him excited, and at last I rushed at him, grabbed him and threw him

against the wall, and said: 'Charlie, who murdered old man Phelps?' and repeated it several times."

"Did you hit him?" asked Kohn.

"Well, not very hard."

"I grabbed him and said, 'Charlie, who killed old man Phelps?' three or four times, roughly. Charlie said, 'I don't know.' I rushed at him again, grabbed him by the throat, and said: 'You—, who killed Mr. Phelps?'

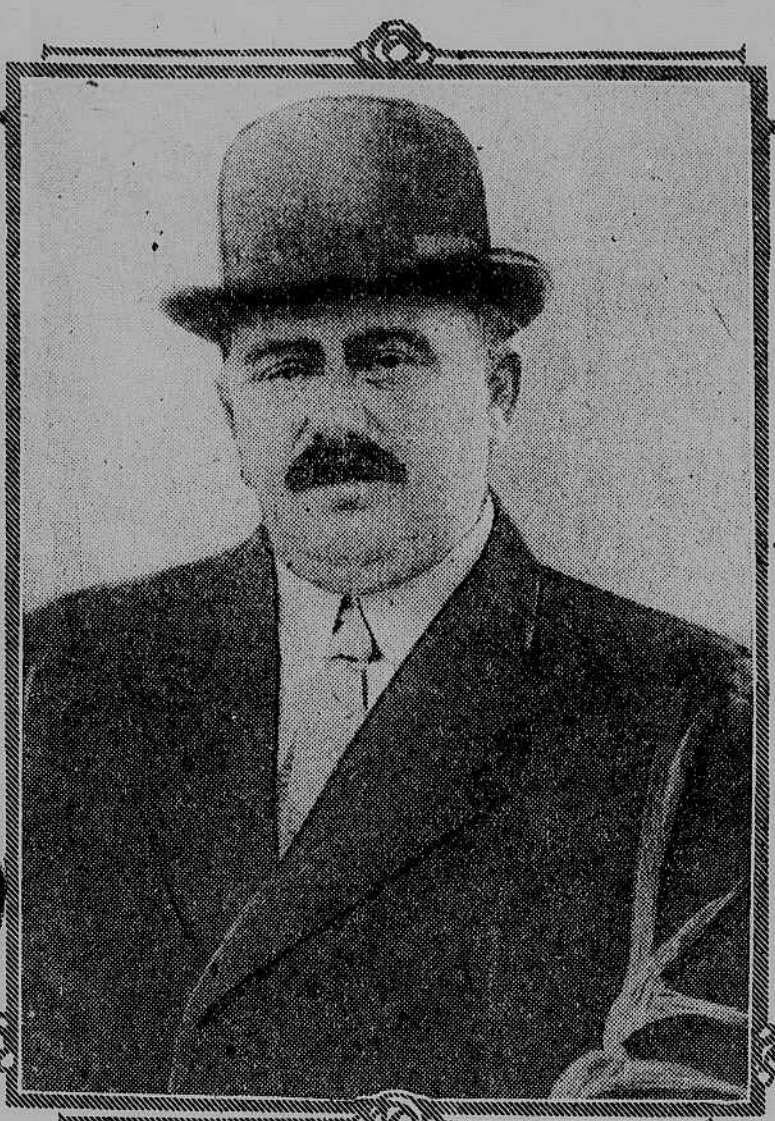
He answered, 'I don't know! I don't know!' I grabbed him again and said, 'Come along with me.' We took him in the machine to the hotel and held him there all night. The three of us went at him all night, hammer and tongs. I finally told him that if he would tell me that Nelson shot Phelps I would let him go home to his wife. But after he made these admissions I notified the District Attorney, the sheriff and called in the county treasurer, before whom he made a full confession."

"That was a clever piece of work," the dictaphone record quotes Mr. Kohn as saying. "How do you account for so many people having worked on the case without success and you jumping on this man, fairly forcing the confession out of him as you did, in view of the fact that all these other detective agencies had such strong circumstantial evidence against these other parties?"

"Well," came the answer, "that was the master mind over the weaker victim."

With this record and the affidavits of himself and others who had taken part in or overheard Newton's story, Kohn went to Albany with Miller to

LEADING ACTORS IN THE STIELOW DRAMA



Charles F. Stielow



Above—Spencer Miller, Jr.
Below—Val O'Farrell.

make another appeal to Governor Whitman. The Governor, however, was adamant and insisted that the law should take its course.

Kohn and Miller refused to abandon hope, and, going to Buffalo, retained Thomas O'Grady, a private detective, who has since worked on the case intermittently. There Mrs. Humiston was picked up and the two lawyers, with O'Grady, went to the scene of the crime. This was on Thursday, three days before Stielow was to have been executed. There was little to be developed in Medina, where feeling ran high against the prisoner, and again a motion for a new trial was made, this time returnable before Justice Cole in Buffalo on Friday.

By this time the papers in the case were numerous enough to fill a small trunk. It was obviously impossible for the court to pass on the motion in the twelve hours that remained for Stielow to live. As matters stood the court had no choice but to grant a new trial unless another reprieve was given. In this situation Governor Whitman granted Stielow thirty days more of life. When it came to argument this time District Attorney Knickerbocker was not ready and yet another thirty-day reprieve was issued. Before this had expired Justice Cole denied the motion on July 19, and it seemed that Stielow, whose death had been fixed for July 29, had but ten days to live.

The day before his time was up another appeal was made to Governor Whitman. The Governor again declined to interfere, holding that as court after court had declined to act there was no reason why he should.

That night there was another conference in which Miss Sophie Irene Loeb, Misha Appelbaum and the late Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain, who had meantime come into the case, joined with Kohn and Miller. Mrs. Boissevain suggested that yet another appeal be made to the courts and a search was begun for a justice of the Supreme Court. Justice Charles L. Guy was finally located in his home on West End Avenue and at 3 o'clock in the morning the case was presented to him.

Stielow now had but two hours to live. His wife and two children had bade him goodby, the prison barber had shaved his poll, he had donned the death suit with the slit leg provided by the state, and the death chair had been tested and found in perfect order. Even the sponges used to make the contact complete were soaking in the bucket behind the chair, and the witnesses bidden to the execution had begun to arrive in the prison.

Outside in the prison Mrs. Stielow, dry-eyed, was waiting with her children to claim her dead.

The urgency of the case appealed to Justice Guy, and while he realized that several courts had passed on the case and there was perhaps small chance that any would act favorably, he decided to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt and issued a stay good until 11 o'clock that night.

Wild Race

For Sing Sing

Then began a race for Sing Sing, twenty-seven miles away.

"Somebody," said Kohn afterward, telling of the race, "tipped off the New York police that we were on a mission of life and death, and it's to be said to their credit that they gave us every help. There was, as you may know, a strike on at the time, and the streets were lined with police, but they did not bother us for breaking speed laws. Instead, they kept the way wide open."

"I shall never forget the greeting Fred Forner gave us. First he looked at the papers and saw they were in reg-

Farmer Sentenced Five Times Before Pardoned

ular form and sent word back to the death house that all was well. Then he turned to Mrs. Boissevain and the rest of us and, addressing his remarks to her, said:

"I've seen many executions here, but I never felt quite right about this case. I have worried me, but my wife always said God would save this man if he is innocent. I believe she is right."

The rest of Saturday the lawyers, who by this time had been joined by James W. Osborne, brought in by Misha Appelbaum, and Huntington W. Merchant, representing Warden Osborne, spent in preparing their argument for Justice Guy, who received them in his home late in the afternoon. The argument necessarily was brief. Again the court gave the prisoner the benefit of the doubt and issued one order restraining Warden Osborne or his agents from executing Stielow and another, returnable August 22, for the state to show cause why Stielow should not have the new trial so often refused.

Thought Reprieve Was "Fine"

The validity of the stay at the time was very questionable, but Mr. Merchant advised Warden Osborne that he must take his law from the court, and once more Stielow was told he had another chance to live.

"Isn't that fine?" was his only comment.

Meantime the hunt for the mysterious junkman was on up in Orleans County. To this Nelson Green, the brother-in-law of Stielow, contributed by informing the lawyers that a man in Auburn Prison named O'Connell was the man he saw with the unknown on the day before the murder. O'Connell was serving a sentence for a robbery not unlike that in which Phelps and his housekeeper were killed.

Meantime, also, funds were running very low. There had long since been no money to meet O'Grady's charges and expenses and O'Farrell was financing himself and Mrs. Humiston. What little money did come in went to some of the lawyers.

Early in August they found the pedler to be Ervin King, who, arrested and locked up in Little Valley on August 1, 1916, promptly confessed that he killed Phelps and Mrs. Wolcott, naming O'Connell as his accomplice. This seemed to settle the case at once, and had the confession stood there is little doubt but that it would, but King repudiated it before the motion for a new trial could be argued before Justice Rodenbach in Buffalo on August 22.

Confession

No Value

Legally the confession was of no value, once it was repudiated, and relief was refused. Justice Rodenbach, who had been a leader in the movement to simplify the criminal law, holding that as the law stood repudiation of a confession by the Government could save Stielow's life. As the record then stood Stielow was in the position of a man of whose guilt there was grave, almost overwhelming, doubt. The alleged confession was obtained, as the law stood, by a trial court known then of the serious charges which were later made in the new trial applications as to the manner in which the alleged confession was obtained, and the fact that the probability would have resulted. But as this was all known to Stielow at the time of the trial, it was not in the legal view newly discovered evidence. The fact that he had lacked sense enough to tell his counsel about it did not affect the result.

Neither was the result affected by the fact that at the time of his arrest he had been held four days without arraignment or the privilege of seeing counsel.

From the courts there was apparently no relief to be had, but the lawyers, the detectives and Miller, with others in private life, worked out as best they could, hopeful that something would come out of the investigation which would lead to the conviction of the man to act. Financially there was almost as little to work on as there was in law. O'Farrell having expended close to \$5,000 of his own money and O'Grady to a large extent having financed himself.

One way or another \$75,000, a tenth of which available at his trial would perhaps have saved him, had been spent apparently in vain.

Sentenced

To Death Again

The case now went to the Court of Appeals for a second time, this time for the resentencing of Stielow. That body fixed December 11 as the date.

Before this date arrived, however, there was another development. This time it was the Stielow lawyer by O'Grady of the pocketbook of Phelps, missing since the night of the murder. The hunt for this had been long and through devious ways, but it finally was located. About the same time letters written by King, then in prison, were intercepted. These letters fitted in with his confession to a remarkable extent. Even the bullet was shown to Stielow, from some pistol other than Stielow's.

Before action on these discoveries could be devised Governor Whitman had to hand in the case, this time with a commutation of the sentence to life imprisonment. This was done on October 28. For the first time Stielow's friends breathed freely and settled down for a rest before beginning the drive for his pardon that they believed would sooner or later be granted.

Governor Whitman followed this months later by another move, asking a message to the Legislature for \$25,000 for a special investigation into the case. The money was granted and George H. Bond, of Syracuse, designated to conduct the inquiry.

King again confessed. He confessed to Mr. Bond, he confessed to the Governor, he confessed to an Orleans County grand jury, convened for the purpose of hearing the evidence in the case. The jury, however, refused to indict—local feeling that Stielow must be guilty and objections to spending any more money on the case being understood to be the reason. The drive for his pardon about this result. It had cost Orleans \$30,000 to convict and—well, \$30,000 is a whole lot of money up that way.

And now Governor Whitman, first fully persuaded that Stielow must have been guilty, has pardoned Stielow and his brother-in-law, who, after Stielow's conviction, pleaded guilty of second-degree murder to save himself from the chair.

King, meantime, is in jail on a minor charge. What will become of him eventually is something no man can tell. Surely, so long as public sentiment remains as it is in Orleans County he will not be tried for murder, and there is no other county that has jurisdiction.

CITY MILK PLANT NOW DEMANDED BY JAMESTOWN'S MAYOR

(Staff Correspondence)

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., May 11.—Mayor Samuel A. Carlson of Jamestown wants the city of Jamestown to go into the milk business—wants it to build a big milk plant, where the milk can be received direct from the farmers, where it can be tested for butter fats and bacteria, and then distributed to consumers by city employees, very much as mail is distributed by government employees, without duplication of milk routes.

Mayor Carlson believes that such control and distribution of milk by the city would result in a saving of \$200,000 a year to the consumers, a lower death rate among infant children, and with a larger price to the farmer-producer than is afforded to Jamestown served as at present by ninety milk dealers.

Jamestown, neighbor as it is to Chautauque Lake, with the Chautauque idea still flourishing, with its 150 wood and metal furniture factories and textile mills, is an interesting town, but Mayor Carlson, with his municipal milk plant idea, is acknowledged by the intelligent people of Jamestown to be about the most interesting thing in the southwestern corner of the Empire State.

Carlson is an independent Republican in politics, and the city is Republican controlled in its Common Council. The business men are naturally conservative. There is a large percentage of men and women of Scandinavian extraction among them. It is not a socialistic city. At the same time the idea of municipal ownership of public

utilities is perhaps more successfully carried forward in this Republican controlled city than in any town in the state. The city owns its waterworks, lighting system, hospital and grounds and a new market building. Mayor Carlson is ready with figures to prove that all of these utilities are economically and skilfully conducted, greatly to the betterment of the citizens.

Right in this is his main argument for going the next step. He contends that the other things have proved themselves. Why not let the city handle its milk supply and distribution?

William Lloyd Garrison, nearly a century ago, started his newspaper, "The Liberator," without capital and without a plant of his own. He and his side partner set all the type and did the printing themselves. His idea was the abolition of human slavery. He early put himself on record in an uncompromising position by saying: "I will not recede an inch and I will be heard." It was a thirty-year-long fight for Garrison.

Carlson is something like that—he does not recede an inch, and he insists upon being heard. For several years he has strongly urged the establishment of a municipal milk plant. The Common Council of the city is composed largely of Republicans. It repeatedly has turned down the proposition. The action of the aldermen was based on the assertion, fairly well proved, that the prices charged by the local dealers are fair and the quality of the milk first class and satisfactory to the people.

When recently the matter was

brought before the Common Council, involved in it was a suggestion for an appropriation of from \$2,500 to \$4,000 for plans and specifications for the proposed plant. The Council balked at this. They held it to be the thin edge of the wedge—a step, once taken, impossible to retrace—leading inevitably to city ownership and control of the city's milk business. The Council refused to pass the resolution, on the grounds that the tax rate was high and that the city was not warranted in engaging in the new enterprise.

In order to show that they were open-minded about the matter, the Council professed a willingness to appropriate \$1,000 for the purpose of making an investigation, so as to present the matter in a comprehensive way to the voters of the city to pass upon at an informal election. The Council refused to make a start on a proposition involving a prospective expenditure of from \$86,000 to \$150,000, when it has not been fully demonstrated that the milk to be distributed will be of any better quality or at any lower price than that now furnished by the milk men. On two occasions in the last six or eight years the milk plant question was submitted to the taxpayers of the city at a special election, and was turned down by them both times.

These popular verdicts have had a sobering—not to say saddening—effect upon the Mayor, but his enthusiasm for the milk plant idea has not been quenched by any means. The people keep on electing him Mayor, at \$1,500

a year, and as he is a man of slender financial resources, he is nearly starved out, his friends say, but he is strong in the faith that some day the people will elect a Common Council radical enough to spend the money for the milk plant. Visited by a Tribune representative, who asked him to talk "milk," Mayor Carlson smiled rather wearily.

"Yes, milk plant, I guess you're pretty near right in calling it a Carlson idea. I'm clinging to it, believing that with careful management, such as it would receive in a conservative community like Jamestown, it would prove of very great benefit to the people. This city is operating a number of its utilities, and the people seem to be satisfied with the results. I believe that we should be able to make a greater popular success with a milk plant than with anything we have tried, and we have water, lighting, a hospital and a public market."

"The annual milk bill for this town is in the neighborhood of \$800,000. Reduced to a daily basis, this means about 20,000 quarts of milk and 1,000 quarts of cream a day. It costs the people here about 11 or 12 cents a quart. For a long time it has seemed to me that the handling of the milk supply between the farm and the consumer's kitchen is highly unscientific, involving a loss which the consumer has to stand. There are about ninety independent dealers furnishing milk to Jamestown. Inevitably, these dealers cross and criss-cross each other's routes in the handling of the city supply.

"I want the city to have a plant so that after the milk is received from the farmer it will be bottled in an absolutely sanitary manner, without human hands touching it until it reaches the housewife. With such a plant all milk except that from tuberculin tested cows could be pasteurized."

"Now, understand, I am not a Socialist. I am not in favor of the city going into the drygoods business. It seems to me that the handling of milk is different—that it is naturally allied with policing and sanitation. We are told that 500,000 little children die each year from drinking impure milk—

ply. In a period of our economic history where labor costs so much the waste in the aggregate under this system is very great, reaching fully \$200,000 a year, and it falls on the consumer."

"What I propose is a central station, owned by the city, to which the farmers will deliver the milk day by day. We have about 40,000 people in Jamestown. From this central plant, with its cooling facilities and laboratories, the milk would be delivered, very much as the government, through its carriers, delivers the mail. There would be specific routes for the men who delivered the milk, so that there would be no criss-crossing of routes. Assuming that the saving would aggregate \$200,000 a year, I favor giving half of this sum to the producers, thus furnishing an incentive for them to steadily improve the quality of the milk and cream and guard more and effectively against impurities in the supply."

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from diseases that are preventable. No food commodity is so susceptible to food germs as milk. Nearly everything else is washable. Vegetables are washed and boiled, doing away almost wholly with the danger of impurities. But it is not so with milk. Milk should be pasteurized, and it seems to me that it is unlike anything else. There is only one kind of milk. It is a common and an indispensable thing. The element of exploitation of such a food product should be absolutely eliminated, particularly in war times. We may have to come down to a milk and potatoes diet. If we should, or if we should approximate it, there should be public control. The Board of Health of this city has